

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Short Poems for the Young.

INCULCATING SUBLIME MORAL LESSONS.

No. 1.

Alfonso was proud and disdainful,
He turned up his nose at a cow;
But his teacher rebuked him: "How painful
That poor animal's thoughts must be now!

"She furnishes milk for your table,
Resulting in butter and cheese;
And while doing what good she is able,
She should not be repaid by a sneeze.

"The consequence, if you go on so,
I'll not undertake for to say;
But if I were a cow, my Alfonso,
It would turn all my milk into whey."

Then Alfonso, with much trepidation,
Got his nasal protuberance down:
And never since that conversation
Has he met humble worth with a frown.

OLD SOLLUM.

Voltaire.

BY *EQUITAS*.

AS A WRITER AND AS A MAN.

Whatever judgment we may pass on Voltaire, he is universally looked upon as the representative of an age and of a principle which some call bad and others pretended to look upon as good. It is for that reason, in the first place, that so much difficulty is to be found in reaching a correct decision concerning him. There are many who can pass judgment on a man—there are few who can pass judgment on a system. Besides this, Voltaire has such facility and suppleness of genius that he has deserved eulogiums and won admiration which many seem inclined to extend to all the actions of his life; in other respects, he has incurred blame so overwhelming that many with some show of justice conceive that his whole career should be buried beneath it. It is for this reason that there is so wide a difference between the judgments passed upon him. In reviewing his life, it is difficult always to be cold and unimpassioned; but let us undertake the task with frankness, sincerity, and impartiality.

Let us, in the first place, consider Voltaire as a writer. As a writer, there is at first sight something about Voltaire that fairly dazzles us—it is what has been styled the universality of his genius. Tragedy, comedy, epic and

lyric poetry, fiction, history, philosophy—he brought to every species of literary composition a combination of qualities rarely united in a single individual. It is quite true that all his productions are far from being masterpieces—nay, even in his best works defects and beauties are often to be found side by side. Not unfrequently he affects the sublime, but leaves us unmoved; his pleasantry is trivial, his gaiety hideous and immoral, his judgments partial and false; but he relates with such charming simplicity, he writes on all subjects with such brilliant vivacity, he speaks with a language so seducing that we are fairly carried away. Sometimes taste, reason, patriotism, morality, religion—everything, in fine—condemn him; again we find him supporting truth with all the strength of his exquisite sense, of his eminently practical reason, and of his marvellously clear and limpid style. The radical defect of Voltaire as a writer is the weakness or rather the utter absence of conviction. He is a man who can simply demolish and destroy; to build, he is utterly powerless. He has no creed; his philosophy is purely negative; he attacks Christianity, but what would he substitute in its stead? So long as God is not banished from the human mind, so long as man puts to himself these grand questions "Who am I?" "Whence do I come?" and "Whither do I go?" even so long will the religious question remain clamoring for solution; and the most satisfactory solution, even in a human point of view, must always be Christianity, as the most illusory solution in fact and theory must always be deism. But he is constantly objecting that the men who preach the Gospel, and the men who are supposed to practice it, have frequently made it the accomplice of their crimes or the cloak for their vices. Granted: but what principle is there so sacred that men have never dared to abuse it? and when was the use of anything prohibited on account of the occasional abuses to which it might give rise? Voltaire, in attacking Christianity in its essence and base, undermined with the same strokes the foundations of moral and political order; for there is no government possible without morality, and no morality possible without fixed doctrine. Men look in vain in his works for a system of religion or a code of morality: they find nothing but bitter diatribes against the priesthood and all positive religion.

But in spite of these radical faults, which it is impossible to conceal, it must be acknowledged that the talent of Voltaire was both varied and brilliant. As an epic poet, he is unquestionably not to be compared with Homer or Virgil, or Dante or Milton, but still he is the only French writer who can with any show of justice lay claim to the title. All critics now agree that the "Henriade" is unworthy of the admiration with which it was at first greeted. The

plan lacks unity; the allegory is not striking; the episodes do not come naturally; the action drags; the hero plays only a secondary part; but the versification is rich and flowing, the harangues fiery and eloquent, the descriptions are rapid, and many of the narratives magnificent. Besides, it must be remembered that other epic poets before undertaking their great works had reached the full maturity of their genius; the "*Æneid*," for instance, occupied eleven years of Virgil's life, and was then pronounced by him unworthy to be preserved; whereas Voltaire completed the "*Henriade*" at the early age of twenty-four, and when laboring under all the disadvantages to which his forced exile condemned him.

His tragedies are unquestionably superior to his epic. If he does not deserve a place by the side of the great masters of the age of Louis XIV, he is yet unquestionably above his contemporaries. Of course, writing for the cultured nation and in the polished age in which he lived, we must not expect in his tragedies any of the rough outbursts of genius which characterize a Shakespeare, but a point which we have a right to be surprised at, and which perhaps may not serve to raise our estimate of Voltaire's dramatic genius, is his utter incapacity to admire the works of England's greatest dramatist. He was in London at the first representation of Addison's "*Cato*," and in his correspondence we repeatedly find him expressing surprise that a nation whose literature could boast of such a masterpiece should still take pleasure in the uncouth and barbarous productions of Shakespeare. One secret of Voltaire's success as a dramatist was the art with which he seized on incidents connected with great moral or political revolutions—treating them so as to appeal to the feelings of the masses.

In comedy, lyric poetry and opera he was a failure. "This man," says one of his critics, "could never understand what comedy is—his laugh is a grimace, his humor is simply sarcasm, his characters are always caricatures." Take up any of Shakespeare's comedies—the humor is so natural, the jests and sharp hits are so evidently inspired by the circumstances, that the author is completely lost sight of; whereas in Voltaire's comedies one constantly feels that it is the author himself who is endeavoring to amuse us, and not his ill-assorted creations. His failure as a lyric poet was no less complete. He was too sceptical, and consequently too cold to feel any enthusiasm; his heart seems closed to sentiment. It is his reason alone which appears; he is not an artist whose brilliant coloring delights us—he is a philosopher who dryly analyses; his odes are simply metrical dissertations, into which the most stinging satire not unfrequently finds its way.

While speaking of Voltaire as a poet, we cannot omit to mention one of his works which alone would suffice to condemn him to endless infamy. I allude to his "*Pucelle d'Orléans*." What hellish inspiration must have possessed him thus to defame and drag in the mire one of the purest glories of France, one whose patriotism, heroism and sufferings claim the admiration of every Frenchman, of every Christian—nay, more, of every man who has a heart capable of feeling a generous throb at the sight of what is grand, or noble, or sublime? If the skill displayed by a criminal in the execution of his misdeeds is not sufficient to excuse him—if for a cowardly assassination a man is justly condemned, however great his talents may be—to what depths of infamy should not the vile cynic be consigned who could thus heap upon the memory of the

heroic Joan of Arc insults so monstrous that no tongue or no pen can stigmatize them as they deserve!

Besides his poems—epic, didactic, satirical, miscellaneous and fugitive—his tragedies, comedies, odes and operas—Voltaire was unquestionably the first as well as the most voluminous prose author of his age. Novels, tales, pamphlets, histories,—orations, essays—philosophical, critical, biographical, and literary,—as well as a prodigious correspondence kept up for more than thirty years with all the celebrities of Europe—such is a portion of the work which he has left to bear witness to the exhaustless fertility of his pen. To attempt anything like a criticism of his miscellaneous works, or even to mention their names, would trespass too far on the reader's patience; with the brief statement, therefore, that as a historian he has left a few masterpieces, such as his "*Age of Louis XIV*" and his "*Life of Charles XII*"—that as an oratorical writer, he, on two occasions at least, deserved the gratitude and admiration of all lovers of justice for having pleaded, and in eloquent terms, the cause of oppressed innocence,—but that the idea underlying all his miscellaneous works was deadly hostility to Christianity—and, in fact, to every form of revealed religion—let us pass on to consider him as a man, and leader of public opinion.

It is especially from the standpoint of those moral obligations from which no man has a right to free himself that Voltaire appears in his worst light. Give him all the praise he deserves—and would that we had an opportunity of giving him more, for there is no necessity to look very closely after faults or to deny him real merits. He had occasional outbursts of generosity, of sympathy for persecuted innocence; he thundered against superstition—which, however, nobody thought of defending; he waged war to the knife on the abuses committed in the 18th century in the name of religion and government; and we are willing to acknowledge that he did not succeed in destroying them all; he remonstrated in eloquent terms against the errors and crimes which frequently characterized the administration of justice under the old *régime*; and every man, and more particularly every Catholic, will find him praiseworthy therein. But, on the other hand, he was violent and vindictive, selfish and false, a hypocrite and perjurer; and, finally, without patriotism, morality, or religion. Is it necessary to bring forward proofs? That he was violent and vindictive we can prove by appealing to his whole public career, which was one continued warfare. It is of little account whether he was the aggressor or the party attacked—the criticisms of envious rivals do not justify the brutal vengeance which he took; or if Voltaire is excusable for having pursued his enemies with blind rage, why were they not excusable for having been mistaken as to the value of his works? Why could not this man, who seemed to preach liberty of worship so eloquently, allow 20,000,000 of Frenchmen to worship as they saw fit? An easy matter it would be to decide on which side the hatred and intolerance were to be found. He was vindictive, and bitterly so. If once offended, his vanity could never forgive. Twenty years of insult and abuse did not suffice to appease his ill-humor; misfortunes and even death could not disarm his rancor. All his contemporaries had to feel how bitter and lasting was his resentment. Montesquieu, Buffon, Rousseau, and all the other lights of French literature, had reason to complain of his selfishness and jealousy, which would close the doors of distinction against any merit but his own. He was hypocritical, false-hearted, and a perjurer. Religion

was for him a thing to be sported with; he accomplished before the altar acts which he had sneered at on the eve, and which he would revile again on the morrow; time and again he called on God to witness that he was not the author of works which had really come from his pen. Cowardly before the strong, and brave before the weak, he sacrificed what he called his conscience, and what he knew to be the truth, to suit circumstances and men. In his public letters he covers with praise those very men whose reputation he tears to shreds in his private pamphlets. One has only to read his correspondence—a correspondence the watchword of which is "*Ecraser l'infâme*"—to see falsehood and contradiction raised to the dignity of a system—to see baseness glorified, and everything noble dragged in the dust.

He was without patriotism, morality, or religion. To please his patron, the royal Frederick, he covered with insult his native land when betrayed by the fortunes of war. He heaped outrages on the memory of the heroine who had conquered England under the walls of Orleans. He applauded the crowning infamy of modern times, the partition of Poland, the natural ally of France. His flatteries were for the strong alone, and success was his only standard of right. Everything pure he sullied with the corrupt outpourings of his depraved heart. Religion he pursued with a hatred which knew no rest, during a period of eighty years. Even his warmest admirers can scarcely account for his senseless "*Ecraser l'infâme*." He is a real fanatic—nay, a maniac—when he attacks Christianity. His scandalous buffooneries always give way to bursts of rage in which he lavishes every opprobrious epithet on the objects of his hatred and scorn. Towards the end of his life he assails with all the fury of the damned the belief in Christ, and Christ Himself. In vain was it represented to him that Jesus Christ, were He considered merely, like Socrates and Marcus Aurelius, as a sage, filled with a holy enthusiasm for God and virtue, would none the less be deserving of universal veneration for having taught the most unenlightened of men the religion of the heart, the natural law, and the fraternity of the human race, for having sealed His doctrine with His own Blood, and given the most heroic example of forgiveness in praying for His persecutors in the midst of the most frightful torments,—entirely given over to the promptings of his incredible pride, Voltaire persisted in spurning what he should have adored.

Concerning the influence which Voltaire exerted over society, his age and his country, it is a matter of much greater difficulty to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. "He has not seen all that he has done, but he has done all that we now see,"—such is the judgment passed upon him by one of his biographers during the French Revolution. This decision has been generally acquiesced in, and is constantly quoted either as a text for extravagant praise or censure. But it is too exaggerated an estimate of the influence wielded by Voltaire. Thank Heaven, it is not given to any one man, however great his genius, to mould the minds of his fellow-beings like potter's clay, and to trace out for them like a master the pathway of their destiny. In the march of events there is something fore-ordained and necessary, which no human power can create or destroy,—and there is also something spontaneous, which depends on the free will of man.

—It is better not to do a wrong, than to do it and repent.

Music—Its Influence and Effects Universal.

Although sight be the master among the senses, still the impressions received by the soul through the medium of the sense of hearing, as they appeal more directly to the heart than to the mind, are, of all others, the most powerful, the most penetrating, the most subtle; hence it is, that music, above all the fine arts, stirs up the nobler emotions. It expresses the hidden workings of the soul, when ordinary language fails; when good, raises its aspirations heavenward; when bad, alas! degrades, and fills the imagination with dangerous delusions.

Music may be divided into natural and artificial. Natural music is that which is produced without any pretension to art; but the term we would apply particularly to pleasing sounds which arise from the elements, independent of human ingenuity, as the plaintive wailing of the wind, the rustling of the leaves, the murmuring of autumn breezes, the tuneful lays of the birds, the gentle flow of the brooklet over its mottled bed through the mossy dell; the tinkling of the fountain, the whispering of the summer rains.

"Dusty lies the village turnpike,
And the upland fields are dry,
And the river, inly sighing,
Creeps in stealthy marches by;
And the clouds, like spectral druids
In their garments, old and grey,
Sweeping through the saddened silence
Fold their sainted palms, and pray;
And the birds, like sweet-mouthed minstrels,
Join their tuneful notes again,
To the tinkling, and the sprinkling
Of the gentle summer rain."

Thus, by one of our own American poets, is charmingly represented the soothing music of nature.

Masters who have produced the most sublime musical compositions have closely imitated nature. They have caught up the suggestions, so beautiful and appropriate, which she breathes everywhere. The roaring of the tempestuous ocean, as the snow-capped waves rise mountain-high, in ceaseless agitation; the rushing of the glacier, as it hurries down the mountain side, and sweeps into the broad valley beneath; the deep, awe-inspiring rumble of the distant thunder,—all these have been successfully imitated in the marvellous creations of those whose names are inscribed among the first musical composers.

We see how the music of nature is merged in that of art. Among the subdivisions of artificial music may be mentioned national, military, and sacred. The effect of national music is too well known to require comment. Numberless instances of its almost magical power are on record. The Switzer's song of home possesses an irresistible attraction. The wanderer from his native Alps may have long been an alien from his country. Native land and its endearments are, for a time, forgotten; but, after years have passed away, the old familiar strains of his mountain fatherland are heard. As the magnet to the pole, his heart turns to home. No persuasion can make him forget that mysterious invitation, and he rests not till it is answered, and he is once more beneath his native skies.

The national music of Germany is distinguished for purity of style and depth of expression. No single country can boast of having produced so many excellent composers. Bach, Haydn, the immortal Beethoven whose

grand passages and wonderful symphonies so delight all lovers of this classic art, and Mozart whose very name is the synonym of harmony, shine in the galaxy of German musical masters.

Italy and France have also won an enviable reputation for their musical productions. Light and sparkling, as a rule, nevertheless they are genuine, and often they are deep and soul-inspiring.

There is, perhaps, nothing human which produces such a thrilling effect upon the soul as martial music. The animating strains fire the breast of the warrior, and excite him to the most heroic deeds. Witness the effects of its inspiration. See the soldier who, after a long, toilsome march, reaches the camp at midnight hour. He retires exhausted, perhaps discouraged. He snatches a few hours of repose. As the grey light dawns, on the following morning, what is it arouses his energy, and kindles enthusiasm in his heart? It is the clear notes of the bugle calling the men to arms. In an instant all are at their post. And, again: during the combat, what is it that urges the warrior to rush into the thickest of the danger? What stimulates his courage, and makes him ready to dare the enemy, regardless of life? It is the sound of the martial melody. To its influence may be attributed those wonderful acts of valor and patriotism so often recorded of the battle-field.

When we examine the nature and philosophy of music, we find that of all appeals to the soul it is not only the most powerful, but that it can be made the most elevating. It excites not only the imagination and the memory, but it kindles the affections, causing the heart to thrill with new and almost superhuman energy. It calms the troubled mind, and we give vent to our sorrows in song. To lighten the burden of grief no language is so eloquent.

To prove its refining influence, we need but to observe that according as a nation advances in civilization, the arts and sciences are more assiduously cultivated; hence music, which in the primitive ages was but a reiteration of rude, monotonous sounds, continued to advance, until at the present day it has almost attained perfection.

The Church, which has given rise to the most complete specimens of the art, strives by the superhuman grandeur of her music to win the heart of man to God. The *Requiem* chant, and the "*Miserere*" of Holy Week at Rome, afford striking instances of the influence imparted to sacred melodies.

"If God speaks anywhere, in any voice,
To us His creatures, surely here and now
We hear Him, while the great chords seem to bow
Our heads, and all the symphonies' breathless noise
Breaks over us, with challenge to our souls:
"Come up higher; come!"—the words it speaks,
"Out of your darkened valleys of despair!
Behold I lift you up on mighty wings
Into hope's living, reconciling air.
Breathe, and forget your life's perpetual stings;
Rest and respond to harmonies of heaven
Whose grandeurs wake an echo in your heart."

E. K.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, NOV. 11.

—A mean and sordid soul will produce mean actions, though it animates the person of a prince; but a great and generous mind will scorn either assuming or cringing, though it inhabits the body of a scullion,

Art, Music and Literature.

—M^{de}. Carlotta Patti will appear in Chicago, Dec. 10th.

—Tennyson, with his eldest son, is about to take a tour in Italy.

—Johann Strauss is hard at work on his new comic opera, "*Das Spitzentuch*."

—On the 27th of this month Sir Julius Benedict celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of his birth.

—A license for music has been granted to the London Aquarium upon condition that there shall be no dancing.

—Piazzi Smyth suggests the construction of an imperial observatory on the heights of Cyprus, where the sky is clear and the climate mild.

—Remenyi and Joseffy are arranging to give a series of violin and piano-forte concerts, conjointly, in Boston, New York and Philadelphia. A good idea!—*Musical Record*.

—Near Sebastopol the pedestal of a bronze statue has been dug up. It is covered with Hellenic inscriptions belonging to the second century before the Christian era.

—"Pinafore" has been translated into the Russian language, and will soon be brought out in St. Petersburg and Moscow. And thus the fame of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan extends.

—Mr. Frank Celli (brother of Wm. Carleton) was offered an engagement in the D'Oyley Carte Opera Company, for America, upon condition that the baritone would shave off his mustache. Mr. Celli declined.

—Italian journals report that the famous "Madonna del Sacco" of Andrea del Sarto is seriously imperilled by infiltration of damp through the wall on which it is painted. As no steps have been taken to protect this noble picture, one of the masterpieces of the world, from further damage, its complete destruction may soon be expected.

—The Baltimore papers give glowing accounts of the new paintings and decoration in the Metropolitan Cathedral in that city. The building has been frescoed and repainted throughout, and there are many fine figures from the master hand of Prof. Luigi Gregori, late of Rome, who came to this country a few years ago, with Very Rev. Father Sorin.

—Gustave Doré, the famous painter and engraver, as we are informed by the *Journal de Noticias*, is now only forty-five years old. He is located permanently in London, where he has lived many years. He is held in universal esteem there on account of his artistic and musical genius—he plays splendidly on the violin—as well as for his naturally dignity of manner, his generosity, etc.

—It is a good thing sometimes to be little. While the Lilliputian opera troupe were *en route* from Peterborough to Port Hope, Canada, Major Davis, one of the "little folks," as he stepped from one car to another, fell to the ground between the tracks, but having the presence of mind to hug the ground closely several cars passed over him. He was not missed until the train reached the next station. Several railway employees, with members of the company, then went back and met the gallant major trudging along manfully for the station, considerably soiled, but having sustained no serious injury.

—A trio of individuals of some note in Europe have written what they intend as a commentary on the Bible, in which they endeavor to throw discredit on the scriptural account of the creation, assert that Moses never wrote the Pentateuch, an assertion made by Voltaire in his *Philosophical Dictionary*, but which Rev. Father Guenée so ably refuted in his work "*Letters of Certain Jews to Monsieur Voltaire*," etc., that not a single peg of Voltaire's was left standing. It seems to us that a new English edition of Father Guenée's and similar works such as Sichard's "*Deism Refuted*," "*Bishop Freyssinous's Conferences*," "*Montalembert's Itinerary*," "*Du Poan's Life of Voltaire*," "*Don Calmet's Red-Sea Researches*, annotated by Devans," etc., written in France about Voltaire's time would take admirably just now among our non-Catholic brethren in their scriptural battle with infidelity. An English edition of Father Guenée's "*Letters*,"—with the

excellent Commentary abridged, however—is in the Notre Dame University Library. It was published in Philadelphia in 1795, and printed by William Young, bookseller 52 Second St., Corner of Chesnut Street. The assertion made by a *Time's* reviewer that the faith of the Christian who went through the above mentioned commentary of the three European worthies would be gone forever is all bosh unless they are very shallow-pated or ill-instructed Christians, and these should not meddle with the trashy productions of such mountebanks. If they do meddle with them they deserve their punishment.

—A certain Prof. Knapp, who is the proprietor of an English and German school in Baltimore, has introduced an entirely new system for the education of the deaf and dumb. It is that the pupils answer the questions propounded to them, by closely watching the motions of the lips. At an examination in the German orphan asylum of Baltimore, a few days ago, Secretary Schurz examined some of Prof. Knapp's pupils. One young lady, addressing the secretary, asked him very distinctly his name and residence. She also called out the names of the States and their capitals, indicating at the same time their location on a map on the blackboard with a pointer. Other pupils answered the questions of visitors, recited poetry, solved correctly mathematical problems, and announced the answers, to the delight of the spectators. Prof. Knapp entirely discards the old method of signs manual, and the organs as designed by the Creator are substituted. By a movement of the lips, precisely the same as in oral language, and with a barely perceptible sound, the spell is broken that held the mutes in thralldom. In this connection, it is a curious fact that, towards the latter part of his life, the celebrated English comedian, Buckstone, was literally "as deaf as a post." On the stage he could not hear a word; nevertheless, by watching the motions of their lips and the general expression of their faces, he was able to carry on the dialogue so perfectly as to seldom or never be caught tripping.—*Chicago News*.

—The *Rome Sentinel* is the boss "lyre," as the following tune, lately played upon it, will prove: A boy who is eternally whistling is a delusion and a snare. He undoubtedly does his share toward filling our lunatic asylums with people whose reason has left its throne owing to his persistency in whistling every tune which he or any one else ever heard of. There is a young man in our mind's eye who is an incessant whistler. And such a whistler as that boy is! He begins early in the morning and whistles until night. He tunes his pipes to all kinds of music from "Lanigan's Ball" to "Sweet Bye-and-bye." "Marching Through Georgia" and the "Mulligan Gaurds" have to take it several times a day. It really seems sometimes as though he had breakfasted off a hand-organ and dined off a steam calliope. A cat concert is sweet music beside his piping. A workman in an upper room heard "Little Buttermilk" ten minutes and then became a raving maniac. The man who took his place said he had worked in a room next to a band room four years, and he roomed with a fellow who was learning to play an accordeon. He thought he could stand it. He worked three days, but about ten o'clock in the morning of the fourth day he threw up his situation and asked for his pay. Six different men have since attempted to stand the strain. Different persons have repeatedly offered the boy four dollars a day to let up on the whistle, but he shakes his head and says he must whistle or die. A man has been hired to throw brick-bats at the boy, but he dodges the missiles every time, and keeps on whistling. The last extremity has been reached, and a liberal reward is to be paid for a recipe to stop the whistler's noise. Later—Three men have been placed on the roof and are blowing fish-horns, and for the first time in six months the boy's whistle is still. The country may yet be saved.

—Wendell Phillips comes out with a protest against the public statuary of Boston. He says that the statue of Mayor Quincy, is "a dancing master clogged with horse blankets—not a dancing master taking a position—that might possibly be graceful—but a dancing master assuming an attitude, which is always ridiculous, and wholly unlike Quincy, who never assumed anything, but was nature itself, all over." The Franklin statue is, according to Phillips, "a comical tipsy old gentleman, somewhat weak on

his spindle shanks, swaying feebly to and fro on a jaunty cane, as with villainous leer he ogles the ladies." Webster is a "mass of ugly iron"; Horace Mann "waked up so suddenly, that in his hurry he has brought half his bed-clothes clinging to his legs and arms"; Gov. Andrew, "a Falstaff of unbounded stomach, wound in a horse blanket"; and Edward Everett, "in trousers too large for him, and a frock coat, which he has slightly outgrown, toppling over backward, as, with more energy than Everett ever showed in his life-time, he exclaims, 'That is the road to Brighton!' pointing with lifted arm and widespread fingers to that centre of beef and the races." As to the figure of Sumner, this candid critic says: "If this bronze pyramid on Boylston street be a cask made of staves, why is it set on human legs? And if it is really Sumner, why do his chest and shoulders rise out of a barrel? Is his broadcloth new felt, too stiff for folds, or is he dressed in shoe leather?" The final attack is on the representation of the Father of his Country: "But who is this riding master, on a really good horse, staring so heroically up Commonwealth Avenue? Washington? Well, then, my worthy George, drop your legs closer to your horse's sides; it must fatigue you to hold them off at that painful distance. Rest yourself, General; subside for a moment, as you used to do at Mount Vernon, into the easy pose of a gentleman; don't oblige us to fancy you are exhibiting and rather caricaturing, a model 'seat,' to guide some slow pupil."—*N. Y. Sun*.

Scientific Notes.

—Father Luigi Tosti has been nominated General Superintendent of the Sacred National Monuments in Italy, and the Minister of Public Instruction has given special orders to the superintendents of monuments throughout the kingdom to furnish all necessary aid and information to the learned monk in the fulfilment of his important office.

—The celebrated chestnut at Totworth, which was said, half a century ago, to be the oldest tree in England, still stands, the pride of its noble owner (Earl Ducie) and the boast of the district. Its present dimensions are as follows: Circumference, three feet from the ground, 49 feet; spread of branches from north to south, 86 feet; from east west, 88 feet.

—A work by Berthelot is in press, in which he discusses the principles of mechanics which preside at the generation of organic compounds, and, generally, of all chemical reactions, of which such generation is but a particular case. By this evolution, he maintains, chemistry tends to leave the ranks of the merely descriptive sciences, and to pass over and unite with those of the purely physical and mechanical sciences.

—Some time ago it was here noted that the experiments of Grandeaun and Leclerc on maize and tobacco appeared to show that the withdrawal of atmospheric electricity was injurious to vegetation. Naudin has made similar experiments on kidney-beans, lettuce, tomatoes, and the herbaceous cotton-plant, and found that they were benefitted by the withdrawal of electricity. He concludes that the action of electricity, like that of light, heat, and moisture, varies upon different species of plants.

—The long sun-spot minimum has apparently passed away, and various instances of a renewal of solar activity—or at least of the recurrence of sun-spots—find their way to the scientific journals. One of the most striking of these groups was observed on Oct. 10. It was of enormous size, but appeared not to burst forth suddenly in its full grandeur, but to have broken through the sun's surface gradually; in other words, the solar explosion—if the group of spots were the result of an explosion—lasted more than twenty-four hours.

—The diagraphometer, an instrument devised by Prof. Palmieri, is undergoing examination in order to ascertain its value in determining the purity of olive oil. The principle on which it is based is the difference in the electric conductivity of various oils. Seed oils conduct better than olive-oil, and all oils conduct better when impure or adulterated. Linseed and cotton-seed oils are among the best conductors. But the oils of pine-seeds and hazel-nuts are

as feeble conductors as the best olive-oil. Fortunately, these two oils are too rare and costly to be used to sophisticate olive-oil.

—A remarkable case of surgery has been reported to the French Academy of Medicine. A carpenter nearly cut off the big toe of his right foot with an axe. The toe was held to the foot by a small thread of skin only. Dr. Ganey detached the toe completely, and having washed it and the wound on the foot, brought the surfaces together again and held them in place by strips of lint, soaked with collodion. When the collodion had set, another strip was wound round. An apparatus was used also to keep all parts of the foot immovable. Twenty-four days after the accident the cicatrization was perfect.

Exchanges.

—The *Catholic Messenger*, of Parkersburg, W. Va., is one of the smallest papers on our exchange list, but for such a small affair it has an immense amount of life in it.

—The editorials in the last number of the *Lake-Shore Visitor* (published at Erie, Pa.) are about as lively and pungent as one could wish. The one on "Soreheads" is not bad; but what most takes our attention is the way the helmsman of the *O. R.* (whatever that may be) is shown up. Although the person and place are unknown to us, the character is clearly drawn, and we think there are many such fellows as he.

—We welcome again the *Georgetown College Journal*, from the University of Georgetown, D. C.,—or as that time-honored institution is more familiarly known, "Georgetown College." The *Journal* enters upon its eight year, and if this number is an index of what may be expected in those that are to follow, the Georgetown boys may congratulate themselves on the success of their college paper. We are glad to see the *Journal's* exchange editor sharpening his quill; we don't like to see athletic sports driving literature altogether out in the cold and wet. A little discreet criticism is not out of place in college publications.

—The *Jornal de Noticias* is the title of a neatly-printed and ably-edited weekly, in the Portuguese language, published by John M. Vicente's sons at Erie, Pa. We cheerfully comply with the editor's desire to exchange, and thank our esteemed contemporary for the kind notice of the *SCHOLASTIC*, which he lately published. After glancing over the second number of the *Jornal* we saw that it deserved no ordinary praise, not only for the amount of news, from all quarters, condensed into its pages, but also for the tone of its literary articles, some of which are from the hand of eminent writers both in Europe and America. We wish the *Jornal* success, for it deserves it. It is the only periodical in the United States published in the Portuguese language, we believe.

—The *Philomathean* says: "The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC should defend her [his] faith, and we will uphold her [him] in it. But then she should not allow her 'sectarianism' to crop out at every conceivable opportunity, for to some it might be disagreeable, to the *Philomathean* never. We are always glad to see her, and hope long to be favored by her presence," etc. Well, the fact of the matter is, we hear ourselves so often called by such nicknames as "Romish," "sectarian,"—etc., the first being a term of contempt, the second an error—that it ought not surprise anyone if we should object to such expressions. They are nicknames, nothing more, and we believe that if the courteous exchange editor of *The Philomathean*, and others, knew they were such they would not use them. As it is, we do not wish to obtrude our religious opinions upon anyone, but we consider it our privilege to correct an error. The *Philomathean's* "devil," unlike the editor, is evidently a malicious sprite—devils generally are. No, we did not think the points we made so small that it would take three papers to show them up, and did not send the three papers in question. Nor did 'each of our subscribers,' for we print about 1,200 copies of the *SCHOLASTIC* each week.

—The *Cornell Review*, a monthly magazine conducted by the students of Cornell University, has honored us with an exchange. The editors are eight in number, and the magazine does them honor, both in matter and in appearance. The publication is an 8vo. of about 50 pages, nine numbers of which are issued during the college term; subscription price, \$2.25 a year. The *Review* is very neat in appearance, evincing taste in its make-up and care in its printing, and the general arrangement of the contents could hardly be better. From a circular accompanying the *Review*, we learn that it is intended more than ever before to make the magazine represent the average literary culture of the University; the contributed department will contain articles written expressly for it by undergraduates, alumni, and professors; the scientific department the papers presented before the scientific and philosophical societies by under- and post-graduates, and professors. A well-arranged plan surely, and one which, if carried out, cannot fail to make the *Review* interesting. The present number opens with a poem by May Preston, followed by an essay on "The Genius of Sophocles as shown in the *Antigone*," another on "Hamlet and Orestes" as types of Greek and modern fatalism. The "Literaria" department of this number contains a sketch of "The Clarkes' Shakespeare Key" (Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke—the latter the daughter of Vincent Novello, the well-known musical composer—mentioned in the *SCHOLASTIC* at the time of the death of Charles Cowden Clarke). "Paragraphs"—choice literary notes of a general character, and well written—is our favorite department. All beyond this is of a local or semi-local character, except the Exchange department, and notes on the College World. The *Cornell Review* editors evidently work hard, and perseveringly, for their magazine; they display culture, taste and judgment, and deserve success.

—The *Vassar Miscellany* is an octavo monthly magazine of 52 pages,—very handsomely gotten up, of course,—edited and managed by an association of students of Vassar College. After reading the closing paragraph of *The Miscellany's* notes on exchanges, which would seem to imply that the editors consider their Western exchanges no better than stupid bores, we are tempted to bend our whalebone and retire; but sober second thought comes, and we take a glance through the well-written and really interesting literary contributions—"Haworth's," "House-Repairing vs. Domestic Comfort," and "Should the Reader of 'Henry Esmond' read 'The Virginians'?" The latter pleased us very much, and we push on though "De Temporibus et Moribus" to the "Editors' Table." Here we may remark that the *Miscellany* is entering on the 9th year of publication, a fact which speaks well for the energy and perseverance of the publishers,—for, as is well known, college papers and magazines meet with but scant encouragement, either in the way of contributions or subscriptions, and depend mainly on the exertions of a few who scorn to be bound by the shackles of selfishness or laziness. The *Miscellany* seems to form no exception to the rule, for we see it stated in the Editors' Table that two things are necessary for admission to the editorial corps—namely, "money and brains"; and though the latter are not lacking, yet they have not yet reached the golden era of voluntary contributions. The same old story—"Except for an occasional poem, modestly slipped in without the author's name, or a few personals, or possibly one or two jokes, 'The Miscellany Box' boasts sad vacuity," and although the publication is intended for the interest of the college and students at large—"the editors being merely a convenient medium for setting forth as accurately as may be the general college mind, and for correcting proof and paying bills"—yet those "who from year to year consent to take upon themselves editorial responsibilities," are in addition "compelled to spend weary hours in devising methods to keep *The Miscellany* out of debt, or supply deficiencies from their own private purse." To some it may seem strange that we have dwelt on these latter details, but they express our own thoughts so well in regard to the *SCHOLASTIC* that we concluded to give them. Will old students, new students, friends of the college, and those who are in reality friendly to our college paper; notwithstanding the faults and shortcomings of its editors—please make a note of the above, and aid us by their contribu-

tions, by "personal" or other notes, by obtaining subscribers, etc.?

—The *Amherst Student*, published bi-monthly by the Senior and Junior Classes of Amherst College, Mass., is quite a handsome college paper. Like our own paper, it is now entering upon its thirteenth year. The *Student* contains much interesting college matter, arranged in a pleasing form, but does not devote much space to articles of a general literary character. The first Junior prize essay—"A Comparison of the Greek and Roman Churches" by E. S. Farrington, is, as might be expected, a fine piece of composition, but many things are stated as facts regarding the Catholic Church that are not really such, for instance, that while "the Greek service is always conducted in the vernacular language, the Roman is uniformly celebrated in the Latin tongue," which is untrue; the Roman Catholic service is celebrated in at least four tongues, the Latin, Greek, Armenian, Coptic. In like manner, the asserted sequestration of the Bible by the Catholic Church has no foundation in fact, and still less the assertion that the Papal hierarchy filled Europe with intrigues and wars. Neither has Rome "been the uncompromising foe of political and intellectual freedom," nor cherished the Inquisition in all its hideous deformity";—the latter was a state affair, controlled by the state, and Rome was only a check that diplomats evaded as much as possible when it suited their purposes—as, for instance, in the burning at the stake of the leaders of one of the military orders, the Knight Templars, in France. The fact is that Rome was always the patroness of literature, the arts, and sciences, as history, the pages of Vasari and others, and innumerable monuments, amply prove; and while to-day we see the Greek Church divided, the Roman Catholic Church is as solid and compact as in the days of St. Peter, St. Jerome, St. Chrysostom, St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, or St. Augustine. Rome is corrupt only to those who view her with colored spectacles, and her stability after eighteen centuries of persecution is a sure sign of her divine commission. Moreover, a Church that is not an infallible teacher and guide in faith and morals is a false church,—a sure sign that the Greek Church is such. That there have been toadying ecclesiastics in all ages of the Church, like Luitprand in Germany, Cambrensis in England, and Mazarin, Richelieu and Talleyrand in France, and that some churchmen have gone too far in condemning scientific theories, is readily conceded, but to condemn the Church for the actions of a few of its arrogant, unworthy or apostate members would be as unjust as to condemn the Apostolic college for the defection and treason of Judas Iscariot. In saying that "the teachings of Constantine formed the canon of the Christian world, and from that canon the Greek Church has never departed," the writer is again evidently drawing on his imagination, for Constantine never acted as spiritual guide, teacher or canonist, was not, in fact a practical Christian, unless he became one on his death-bed; so also with very many other things, *e. g.*, the relative scholarship of Roman and Greek prelates—to which space does not permit us to mention. It is a pity that a fine piece of English composition should be marred by so many historical and other blunders.

College Gossip.

—The Yale medical course has been extended from two to three years.

—The *Review* says efforts are making to start a choral class at Cornell.

—Dartmouth has an endowment of \$10,000 to found a chair of Anglo-Saxon.

—The Faculty have tabooed all secret societies at the University of California.—*Oberlin Review*.

—Gifts to the amount of \$165,000 have been received by Wellesley Female College within the past year.

—The number of students in American colleges in 1856 was 8,488; about 30,000 are now in attendance.

—The accessions to the library at Harvard last year were between eleven and twelve thousand volumes.

—Tutor: (dictating Greek prose composition) "Tell me, slave, where is thy horse?" Startled Soph.: "It—it's under my chair, sir; I wasn't using it!"—*Acta Columbiana*.

—President Gillman, of Johns Hopkins University, hints that the University will do something in the way of reforming the practice in America of "throwing degrees right and left."—*Ex.*

—Prof. Winchell, who was obliged to leave Vanderbilt University on account of his "advanced" views of the antiquity of man, etc., is reappointed Professor of Geology in Michigan State University.

—The *Williams Athenæum* flatly contradicts the statement that the college faculty had prohibited all ball-playing by the college or class nines, whether at home or abroad, on pain of immediate expulsion."

—We learn from the *Cornell Review* that Columbia College has an endowment fund of \$5,000,000; Johns Hopkins University, \$3,000,000; Harvard, \$2,500,000; Cornell, \$2,000,000; Princeton, \$1,000,000; Yale, \$350,000.

—The Board of Managers of Purdue University having decided against the formation or existence of secret societies among the students, a pledge is exacted on entering that the student will not join any such societies; nevertheless, it seems, the secret societies do exist at Purdue, although without any fault, perhaps, of the President or Faculty.

Society Notes.

—At the last regular meeting of the Philopatrians, a vote of thanks was passed to Very Rev. Father Corby for favors received, and also to their St. Cecilian friends for the kind entertainment in which they were invited to participate.

—The Philodemics did not hold their regular weekly meeting on Tuesday evening. The members "sought the seclusion which a dormitory grants" at an earlier hour than usual, in order to be fresh and vigorous for the morrow's tramp to the farm.

—The 9th regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Association was held Nov. 18th, at which Mr. Simms was elected a member. The declamations appointed for the meeting were delivered by Masters Castaneda, Vedder, N. Nelson, Gaines, P. Nelson, Rhodius, Rose, and Gordon.

—The Philomatheans and the Philopatrians were tendered a reception in the Seniors' recreation hall last Saturday evening by their President, Prof. Lyons. Mac's String Band furnished the choicest of music. Messrs. Orr and Orrick supplied all the delicacies of the season, and the boys in general had a jolly good time.

—At the 12th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association, held Nov. 22d, Master Thompson was elected to membership. A vote of thanks was passed to Bro. Leander for favors received. It being the patronal festival (St. Cecilia's) of the Society, the regular exercises were postponed, and the members adjourned to meet their invited guests at their annual reunion in Washington Hall.

—The Columbians held a regular meeting on Tuesday evening, the 25th inst. Messrs. Zahm and Deehan were elected to membership. The principal event of the evening was a debate entitled: "Are Strikes and Trades-Union Beneficial to the Laboring Class?" with Messrs. A. Keenan and D. Conlan on the affirmative, and Messrs. Noonan and Jordan on the negative. A decision was rendered in favor of the affirmative.

—The Archconfraternity of the Blessed Virgin was re-organized last Sunday evening. The following officers were elected: President, J. B. McGrath; Vice-President, P. J. Hagan; Recording Secretary, W. B. McGorrick; Corresponding Secretary, W. J. Murphy; Treasurer, S. T. Spalding; Censor, R. O'Brien. The Archconfraternity is the oldest Association in the institution. It has been the means of doing an immense amount of good in the past, and we are convinced that, composed as it is of the representative students of Notre Dame, it will continue its good work in the future. Those who are eligible should at once apply for membership at the next regular meeting, which will be held in the St. Cecilian Hall on Sunday, Dec. 7th, and which promises to be full of interest, as papers will be read by Messrs. J. B. McGrath, J. B. Berteling, and P. J. Hagan.

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, November 29, 1879.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the THIRTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical and Literary Gossip of the day.

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame.

Personal Gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students.

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in class and by their general good conduct.

A weekly digest of the news at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind.

Students should take it; parents should take it; and, above all,

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

Terms, \$1.50 Per Annum, Postpaid.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

The Age of the World.

"What is to become of the much-cherished Mosaic account of creation? Here is so very orthodox a Roman Catholic as Professor Proctor going up and down the land, on the rostrums thereof, declaring that millions upon millions of years were mere trifles in the growth of the universe. Professor Proctor demonstrates that old Sol is very old indeed, and seemingly he has no better opinion of Moses as a historian than Ingersoll has."—*Chicago Times*.

Don't be disturbed, friend! The "much-cherished Mosaic account of creation" is still able to speak for itself. Professor Proctor is at perfect liberty to "go up and down the land, and on the rostrums thereof, declaring that millions upon millions of years were mere trifles in the growth of the universe," and still remain an orthodox Catholic, if there is nothing else to affect his orthodoxy. The "much-cherished Mosaic account of creation" will allow him unlimited time for the growth of the universe—billions upon billions of years if he needs them. Moses does not specify the date of the creation of the universe. The opening words of Genesis allow Prof. Proctor, or any one else, all the latitude he may desire regarding the age of the world. "*In principio, creavit Deus cælum et terram.*" "In the beginning God created heaven and earth." How long since this beginning? No one knows. "Millions upon millions of years may be mere trifles" in comparison with the time that has since elapsed. As to Prof. Proctor's "*demonstrating* that old Sol is very old indeed," any one that knows anything about the nature of the reasoning used, knows very well that his demonstration is nothing more, and can be nothing more, than a probable conclusion, drawn from a series of assumptions which never have, and, from their very nature, never can be proven.

Professor Proctor's conclusions, therefore, can have no

more force than a mere theory—which may or may not be true. In either case, the "*in principio*" of Moses is able to meet all objections,—the speculations of Proctor, and the sneers of Ingersoll to the contrary notwithstanding. When men learn to distinguish between probable and demonstrative evidence, between truth and hypothesis, between fact and assumption,—and, above all, when they know whereof they speak, their mental equilibrium will not be so easily disturbed by every wind of doctrine, or pronouncement of our modern sensational speakers and writers.

A Little Mirror.

To every man his work. This is a nice way of saying "Mind your own business,"—which isn't nice. If you wish others to respect your rights, respect theirs. You can save yourself an immense amount of trouble by keeping your place. Don't be so conceited as to think that you could fill positions occupied by others with greater ability and acceptance; you would be alone in thinking so.

Observe faithfully the regulations you seek to impose on others. Attend well to your own duties, and you will find that you won't have as much time to bother with what doesn't concern you. Learn to distinguish between trifles and things of real importance. Never forget that your presence or absence in a place is not likely to change the course of the planets. You know you might die; this would affect you infinitely more than any one else or anything else around you.

It wouldn't do the least harm to repose confidence in persons who have given abundant proof of being worthy of it. It oughtn't to require a quarter of a century to find out what a man is worth. Have regard for people's good qualities as well as their faults.

Believe in something else besides "Number One," and you won't be so likely to err. Don't make the mistake of thinking that nobody sees through your stretching of the truth, your feigned affection, or detects your baited hooks, your antagonism to all who do not worship at your shrine. It is just possible, you know, that a person might be right and still not agree with you. "Tricky," "a little under the ground," and the like, are not flattering terms to have applied to one.

Don't be unmindful of everybody besides yourself, which is selfishness. Don't keep everything to yourself. Some people never share anything with another that they don't want to be rid of. Be generous.

Some one has said, that a man who takes upon himself more than he can do, or do well, is both foolish and reprehensible. It isn't necessary that you should be on the surface—at the head of everything that is going on. Nothing is easier than to make excuses for not doing what everyone has a right to expect of you. Don't imagine that everyone is against you. Dare and do, and the good will be with you.

Rats, if there are enough of them, can undermine a castle. Look for the rats in your habitation. Let some light in on them; they hate it worse than the devil himself does.

Josh Billings has said many foolish things and many good things. Here is one of the latter, divested of its senseless orthography: "Most people are like eggs, so full of themselves that they can't hold anything else." This is worth remembering.

Rev. E. B. Kilroy, D. D.

Rev. E. B. Kilroy, D. D., of Stratford, Ontario, has been spending a few days here to celebrate in a quiet way the 25th anniversary of his ordination. He was one of the first students of Notre Dame. He graduated in 1852, and was connected with the University as prefect and professor till his ordination, which took place on Nov. 26th, 1854, at the hands of Bishop O'Regan of Chicago. He was then chiefly engaged in missionary work, having been stationed in Laporte and Lafayette, Ind., till he went to Canada, where he has been pastor of Stratford for a number of years. Two years ago he visited Rome in the company of Right Rev. Bishop Walsh of London, Ont., and was then honored by Pius IX with the title of Doctor of Divinity. He spent a while in the southern part of France, visiting Lourdes and the neighboring places of interest. While there, he and the Bishop were received among the missionaries of Lourdes with the greatest hospitality. Father Sempé, the superior, struck by the gigantic proportions of the Bishop, and not much inferior dimensions of the Doctor, asked, with a humorous smile: "Is everybody in Canada as tall as you and your companion, Monseigneur?"

"Everybody has to be," replied the Bishop, with emphasis.

"Why so?" enquired the missionary.

"Because," returned the Bishop, "everybody there who does not carry his head well up towards six feet above ground would be smothered in the snow."

"*Quel pays affreux!*" exclaimed the good, simple priest.

Doctor Kilroy has always entertained the friendliest feeling for Notre Dame, his *Alma Mater*. When he heard of the destruction by fire of the University building, last April, he immediately subscribed \$1,000 towards the rebuilding. He was pleased to see the evident signs of prosperous resurrection, as he viewed the new buildings and surroundings. He was pleased to meet the few old members, Fathers, Brothers, and Sisters, whom he knew twenty-five and thirty years ago. He met one good, venerable Brother who amongst other things asked the Doctor, with innocent malice: "Have you that sermon yet?"

"Oh, yes; how well you remember that!"

More than twenty years ago, the good Brother was so ill that his death was hourly expected. So, to be ready when the occasion would require it—Dr. Kilroy had prepared a funeral oration, which he has not yet had the pleasure (?) of delivering. "*Hinc . . .*"

Dr. Kilroy is entering upon his fiftieth year. He is looking hale and fresh; apparently he is good for, at least, another quarter of a century. *Ad multos annos.*

Personal.

—F. H. Clink, '77, is attending a course of medical lectures in Cincinnati.

—F. H. Bueter, '74, we learn, too, is one of the sound businessmen of New Haven, Ind.

—James D. Waters (Commercial), '67, is doing business in St. Louis, Mo., and is thriving.

—H. H. Schnelker, '69, as also his brother H. F., '72, are engaged in mercantile business, which we are glad to hear is flourishing, at New Haven, Ind.

—Prof. Ivers, after his flying trip to New Orleans, is again amongst us teaching the young idea, etc., etc. The general joy upon his arrival was well demonstrated in the hearty greeting extended him upon his first entrance into

the Junior refectory. The bell was tapped—the boys cheered—and the Prof., we know, felt happy.

—Rev. R. Maher recently returned to Notre Dame after an absence of several weeks. Rev. Father Rafter, with whom he spent the greater portion of the time, is the energetic and devoted pastor of Bay City, Mich. The schools, conducted by the Brothers of the Holy Cross, are reported to be in a highly satisfactory condition. Father Maher has returned to his parish in Iowa.

—Charles Cavanaugh, who was a student at Notre Dame last year, is at present recruiting his health at home in Philadelphia. He expects to return to college after the Christmas holidays. In a letter recently received from him, he says: "No doubt the boys are, as usual, counting the days till they go home, but I am counting them just as anxiously till I can get back." Charlie will be welcome, and will meet with hosts of friends whenever he comes.

—We had the pleasure of a visit, on Thursday last, from Prof. Luigi Gregori, the eminent painter. He did not stay long, but promised to visit us soon again. Prof. Gregori is kept very busy of late, people from all quarters visiting his studio in the Academy of Design, at Chicago. The Professor has just finished his work on the Baltimore Cathedral, and the daily and weekly papers of that city are unstinted in its praise. They say that besides the frescoing, several fine paintings from the master's own hand adorn the interior of the edifice, and any one who has seen the Stations at Notre Dame, and especially the twelfth, which is a masterpiece, can readily imagine what a treat the lovers of art in Baltimore have in the Cathedral paintings.

Local Items.

—Cake is in demand.

—Beware of the panther!

—The big Arithmetic Class is once more joined to its idols.

—A division was made during the past week in one of the algebra classes.

—The Juniors are reading the "Martyrs of the Coliseum" in their refectory.

—The first skating of the season was done by the Minims last Tuesday on their campus.

—All local items should be deposited in the SCHOLASTIC box before Wednesday evening.

—The Seniors are "Getting along in the World" under the guidance of Prof. Mathews.

—For the first time in many years the Bulletins were ready for the Prefect of Discipline on Wednesday.

—The Juniors were out on a very lively rabbit-hunt last Sunday. Dick was there in all his glory, but unfortunately the rabbits were not.

—The Senior and Junior Classes of Penmanship are progressing rapidly under the direction of their able teacher, Bro. Philip Neri.

—The new benches in the recitation rooms give unqualified satisfaction to all. The arm-rests have lately been set in, and the only wonder now is that we ever managed to get along without them.

—Competitions will be held next week in the Preparatory Course. Let us see what three names will appear oftenest on the List of Excellence.

—The steam-fitters will soon begin operations on the new Music Hall. The lower story, or Juniors' play-hall, will not be heated by steam, but by stoves.

—The only possible outdoor game at this season—when the weather is kind enough to render any game possible—is football. This reminds us that the Seniors are sadly in need of a new football.

—He used to tell us that they looked upon him as a hard man to deal with, but when we heard them applaud him so heartily we began to think that they hadn't so very bad an opinion of him.

—The best Bulletin in the Junior department was that of Master M. J. Burns, of Ada, Mich. Masters R. E.

Fleming and A. Rock, were *ex-aequo* second best, and Master R. Le Bourgeois third.

—The *Scholastic Annual* is now published, and we trust that every student will make it a point to get one for himself and one or two others for the friends to whom he wishes to give the best holiday presents.

—The Bulletins for November were made out last Wednesday morning. The reward offered last week by the Director of Studies was not claimed by any one. The rumor that Mayor Tong was an active competitor for it is unfounded.

✓ —Prof. Edwards, the zealous and most obliging superintendant of the Lemannier Library, has been very busily engaged, the past two or three weeks, in arranging his shelves in the Columbian Hall, where the Library is temporarily located.

—Two is a very small fraction of one hundred and twenty-five, and yet we don't like to hear even two names mentioned in connection with the "Lazy List." Their isolation only serves to make these two unfortunates the more conspicuous.

—Prof. Howard, it is hoped, will soon lecture in Phelan Hall. The subject to be treated will probably be "The Rise of Free Institutions." To announce a lecture by Prof. Howard is the same as informing the students that a rich literary treat is in store for them.

—To-morrow, the first Sunday of Advent, *Missa Parvulorum* will be sung—p. 38 of the Kyriale. [The "*Gloria in excelsis*" is not sung during the Sundays of Advent.] Vespers of Advent—p. 59 of the Vesperal. *Alma Redemptoris*, will be sung instead of *Salve Regina*,—p. 234.

—The Juniors' play-hall is at last ready to be occupied. They have certainly lost very little by the fire, although they have been put to a little inconvenience during the past few months. We understand that a little jollification in the shape of a house-warming will take place in a few days.

—An Entertainment will be given by the Euglossians next Tuesday evening, December 2d, in Phelan Hall. The programme is published in another column of this week's issue. A good deal is always expected of Prof. Lyons's Elocution Classes, and we are confident that this time none will be disappointed.

—Never, perhaps, in the history of Notre Dame was there better material for a vocal class and church-choir than at present. And when the new Music Hall is ready and the aforesaid vocal class is fairly under way, won't the members thereof make the welkin ring! We enthuse just to think of it.

—A large number of students of the Senior department went out on an excursion to the St. Joseph's Farm on Wednesday last. Bro. Marcellinus was in charge; and we are willing to take it for granted that all enjoyed themselves hugely. But as the weather turned out to be unfavorable, we are afraid that such was not the case.

—We saw one of the Notre Dame weather-prophets this week devoting much attention to and apparently in close confab with Mars. We hope he was not plotting with the red-faced warrior against the peace of society. At all events it looks rather suspicious, and we shouldn't wonder if something extraordinary happened before long.

—Look to your laurels, good Juniors and Seniors! Here is young Frank Mattes, who comes over from the Minims to German Class, and who succeeds in coming out second best. Look well to yourselves, once more, as you can't tell what place the enterprising youth may aspire to hold next month. Perhaps nothing lower than the first will suit him.

—They say fat men are not good at field sports, but each of the departments has a living refutation of this erroneous idea. And when it comes to pedestrianism—well, we won't say anything about it, but a friend of ours who has been recently making observations on the board walk behind the College intends soon to write a lyric poem on their achievements in this line.

—On the afternoon of Thanksgiving day, our young friends of the Guardian Angels' Society were treated by their kind director, Mr. T. McNamara, C. S. C., to a most

bountiful lunch—we might say a little banquet—Every thing was served up in the nicest style, as we can, owing to their kindness, testify ourselves, and enjoyed by all in a most cheerful and happy manner.

—A touching and eloquent pastoral letter has lately been issued by Right Rev. Bishop Borgess, of Detroit, in which he appeals to the charity of the Catholics of his diocese to contribute to the relief of the suffering poor of Ireland. He pays a magnificent tribute to the constancy of the Irish people, which we would reproduce in our columns if space permitted, and which we would advise all to read.

—Thursday was Thanksgiving Day. Solemn High Mass was sung at 8 o'clock—Very Rev. President Corby, celebrant; Rev. Father Walsh, deacon; and Rev. Father Stoffel subdeacon. The day was one of enjoyment for all—turkeys alone excepted. No quarter was shown them. The robust pedestrians, especially, who had walked out to the farm and back again on Wednesday, were in splendid condition for warfare on them, and all agree that they performed prodigies of valor.

—Our venerable Professor of dog-matics informs us that war has been lately declared by the United States against Turkey. War is a dire calamity that is very much to be deplored at all times; but an unprovoked war, like the present, often proves as disastrous to the victors as to the vanquished. Hostilities have already commenced. In the first battle, fought on Wednesday, November 26th, more than ten thousand of the enemy were made to bite the dust; and, horrible to relate! were devoured the next day (Thanksgiving day) at dinner by their victorious conquerors.

—We didn't say anything when he waxed indignant over our locals on the "Rise and Fall of the Sophomoric Mustache"; but when he can't run across such a passage as "*Plaventem prima lanugine malas*"—turning tawny as to his cheeks with the first down—without being convinced that Virgil was alluding to him, we feel obliged to tell him that he is laboring under a mistake. Virgil makes no mention at all of alleged capillary excrescences on the superior labial organ. And the most powerful form of magnifying-glass known to modern science would fail to show the cause for any deviation from the natural hue of our friend's cheeks.

—Scene of action—a Junior Grammar Class.

Dramatis Personæ—The Tutor and thirty Preps.

Business on hand—The line

"Who steals my purse steals trash."

Tutor, *loquitur*—"Who is the author of this line?" A dead silence. Tutor, again: "Of whom was it written?" Youthful Prep., suddenly brightening up: "Of a tramp, most likely; because I never heard of one who had anything better in his pocket than a great many holes and a few old buttons."

Bursts of Homeric laughter—curtain falls.

—The work of plastering the front extension of the College is being pushed vigorously on by the efficient and gentlemanly superintendant in that branch, Mr. P. H. Degnan, of the firm of Degnan & Bro., Toledo, Ohio. The Chapel hall is nearly finished, and in the course of the next three or four days we may expect to see the scaffolding down. As the newly-plastered rooms are heated by coils of steam-pipe and stoves, they will be ready for occupancy before long. Mr. Degnan's party work well into the night, and the excellent manner in which they do their work, showing that they take a genuine pride in good workmanship, is much to their credit.

—We have been handed the following from a friend, anent what he terms our little joke in last week's SCHOLASTIC:

MR. EDITOR:—I think that joke of yours about Mr. Legges must have been written under the influence of Waukesha water. Do squeeze a lemon in it next time, or take ginger pop. A plaster on the back of your neck, too, might help somewhat.

Devotedly yours,

X. Y. Z.

Our friend "X. Y. Z." is evidently a little absent-minded. He forgets that that "little joke of ours"—as he calls it—is no imaginary or propped-up affair, but a solid fact, standing squarely on two Legges, Thanks, no, sir—we don't wish to get popped just yet. As to plasters, they will not

count for much; we have been through the mill as fighting, local and exchange editor, and have got so callous and hardened that plasters don't draw worth a cent. You might almost as well put them on an iron chest.

—The following is the programme of the Entertainment to be given on Tuesday evening, Dec. 2d, by the Euglossians:

Music.....University Quartette
Song.....A. J. Burger
Address.....S. T. Spalding
A Boy's Philosophy.....N. Nelson

THE POUND OF FLESH.

4TH ACT—"MERCHANT OF VENICE"

Dramatis Personae:

Duke of Venice.....T. Simms
Antonio (Merchant of Venice).....T. Campbell
Bassanio (his Friend).....G. Donnelly
Gratiano (Friend of Antonio and Bass.).....F. X. Wall
Shylock.....P. J. Hagan
Portia.....R. E. Russell
Nerissa.....D. Donahue
Bailiff.....P. Maguire
Magnificoes of Venice.....P. B. Larkin and T. Conlan
Officers of Justice.....E. Murphy and J. Connolly
Attendants.....{ S. P. Terry, H. Deehan, F. Kinsella
J. Marlette, M. Maloney
Music.....University Quartette
"The Flag of Erin" (Father Ryan).....W. J. McCarthy
"The Black Horse and his Rider" (Chivalric).....C. Hagan
An Appeal to a Country Jury.....E. Orrick
The Moneyless Man.....J. Perea
"The Sleeve".....J. B. McGrath
"Our Rights".....A. Mergentheim
Recitation—Serjt Buzfuz's Speech to the Court.....S. T. Spalding
"Père Marquette".....F. T. McGrath
Personation.....J. S. Ashe
The Sculptor Boy.....F. Brennan
Infantile Efforts.....A. Zahm
Pitt's Defence.....J. Mugg
McLane's Child.....A. Lent
The Mariner.....C. Tinley
"Heroism".....M. T. Burns
Closing Remarks.....

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

R. M. Anderson, W. H. Arnold, J. B. Berteling, A. J. Burger, J. P. Bricé, M. T. Burns, F. W. Bloom, F. Brennan, B. Claggett, T. F. Conlan, W. Connolly, J. Casey, B. Casey, T. B. Campbell, R. S. Campbell, G. E. Clarke, F. Clarke, L. Clements, J. Carrer, D. Donohue, J. Delaney, L. H. Duginger, H. Deehan, M. English, M. B. Falvey, E. Fogarty, H. Gittings, E. Gooley, C. L. Hagan, J. Halloran, F. Humbert, A. Hayden, G. Harris, J. Hartman, T. Hinderling, L. Johnson, R. C. Johnson, C. E. Johnson, J. P. Kinney, J. Kurz, R. E. Keenan, J. Keena, J. R. Kelly, F. Kinsella, P. B. Larkin, A. A. Lent, J. B. McGrath, W. B. McGorrick, W. J. Murphy, J. J. McErlain, M. J. McEniry, J. O. McNerny, J. A. McIntyre, J. R. Marlette, L. Marantette, Ed. Molitor, P. H. Maguire, J. D. McRae, W. Mcatee, J. Malone, W. Magee, P. McCormick, J. F. Mug, L. Mathers, J. Noonan, J. Norfleet, G. Nester, R. C. O'Brien, J. Osher, J. F. O'Connell, Geo. Pike, L. N. Proctor, H. B. Pollock, R. E. Russell, J. Ryan, F. Reeve, T. W. Simms, J. Spalding, T. Summers, J. Solon, W. Scholfeld, L. Stitzel, S. Smith, R. Stewart, A. W. Stockwell, S. P. Terry, P. Terry, P. H. Vogel, C. B. Van Dusen, H. Wathan, F. X. Wall, C. Whalen, W. Wilson, F. Weisert, A. Zahm, C. H. Zarley, T. Zeien, G. Palmer, J. McNamara.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

A. J. Burger, C. J. Brinkman, A. A. Burmeister, T. P. Byrne, A. A. Bodine, H. W. Bachman, Frank Becker, M. J. Burns, G. C. Castanedo, F. L. Carter, J. V. Cabel, A. A. Caren, A. M. Coghlin, H. P. Dunn, S. T. Dering, T. F. Dever, T. F. Flynn, R. E. Fleming, G. C. Foster, O. J. Farrelly, J. J. Gordon, J. A. Gibbons, Fred Glade, E. H. Gaines, M. Herrick, A. C. Hierb, J. A. Hintze, J. A. Herrmann, A. J. Hellebusch, J. T. Homan, F. R. Johnson, J. M. Kelley, F. A. Kleine, R. Le Bourgeois, J. E. Litmer, J. A. Larkin, S. Livingston, A. B. Mergentheim, F. McPhillips, C. J. McDermott, J. L. Morgan, W. J. McCarthy, J. E. McCarthy, R. E. McCarthy, A. S. Manning, S. E. Meredith, P. P. Nelson, N. J. Nelson, E. C. Orrick, J. P. O'Neill, E. A. Otis, G. A. Orr, C. F. Perry, R. H. Pomey, F. B. Phillips, A. P. Perley, F. A. Quinn, G. J. Quinn, C. H. Roberts, A. R. Rheinboldt, A. Rietz, W. Rietz, F. Rettig, G. J. Rhodius, P. H. Rasche, J. Ruppe, A. S. Rock, C. F. Rose, R. J. Semmes, J. K. Schobey, J. A. Seeger, J. M. Scanlan, F. C. Scheid, J. A.

Simms, C. A. Tinley, C. H. Thiele, W. M. Thompson, J. B. Witzel, J. B. Wilder, W. T. Weney, W. S. Cleary, G. C. Knight.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

D. G. Taylor, G. E. Tourtillotte, J. M. Courtney, G. Woodson, W. J. Coolbaugh, L. W. Spalding, G. P. Van Mourick, C. L. Garrick, W. A. Hanavin, C. H. McGrath, E. A. Howard, H. C. Snee, H. A. Kitz, J. S. Courtney, J. S. Chaves, F. J. Leach, W. M. Olds, J. H. Dwenger, J. K. Bender, A. F. Schmückle, L. J. Young, F. I. Garrity, J. A. Kelly, W. Wright, A. Molander, E. N. O'Donnell, J. Johnson, C. E. Droste.

Class Honors.

COURSE OF MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS AND SPECIAL BRANCHES.

A. J. Burger, C. J. Brinkman, J. Homan, E. Litmer, J. Hermann, C. F. Rietz, W. Rietz, J. Gibbons, R. Semmes, C. Perry, H. Rose, C. Rose, F. Grever, W. J. McCarthy, A. Keenan, R. Le Bourgeois, A. B. Mergentheim, G. Castanedo, F. Phillips, G. Rhodius, F. Rettig, A. Hierb, R. Pomy, J. Weitzel, A. Hellebusch, F. Kleine, J. A. Seeger, P. Maguire, W. B. McGorrick, M. J. Burns, E. Molitor, J. Cable, J. Mug, G. E. Clarke, T. Campbell, R. Campbell, D. Donahoe, D. Harrington, P. J. Hagan, A. Hayden, J. Jordan, J. P. Kinney, R. O'Brien, T. Simms, F. Wall, J. Rogers, A. J. Burger, J. S. Ashe, W. Connolly, W. Megee, B. Pollock, R. Keenan, F. Quinn, E. Gooley, J. Guthrie, E. Fogarty, E. Sugg, C. Tinley, R. Johnson, J. Keena, A. Rietz, F. Bloom, L. Stitzel, B. Claggett, R. O'Connor, F. Johnson, J. Carrer, C. F. Kinsella, M. Maloney, J. H. Marlett.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

L. Spalding, J. M. Courtney, J. A. Courtney, C. H. McGrath, D. G. Taylor, G. E. Tourtillotte, G. Woodson, A. Van Mourick, G. Van Mourick, C. L. Garrick, J. W. Bannister, W. H. Hanavin, G. Droste, E. A. Howard, F. Mattes, H. A. Kitz, W. O'Malley, M. W. Olds, J. S. Garrity, J. H. Dwenger, F. B. Farrelly, A. Schmückle, A. A. Molander, J. A. Kelly, L. J. Young, E. W. Donnell, J. K. Bender, F. J. Garrity, W. Wright, J. E. Johnson, C. Young.

List of Excellence.

COURSE OF MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS, AND SPECIAL BRANCHES.

German—F. Grever, E. Molitor, J. Homer, A. J. Burger, C. J. Brinkman, M. J. Burns, F. Phillips; French—R. Le Bourgeois, A. Keenan, A. B. Mergentheim; Piano—C. Rietz, E. Gooley; Flute—E. Grever; Violin —; Drawing —; Elocution—W. J. McCarthy, P. J. Hagan, R. H. Russell, T. Simms, S. T. Spalding, J. B. McGrath, E. Orrick, C. Tinley, T. Campbell, J. Perea, C. Hagan, G. Donnelly, J. Ashe, M. J. Burns, T. Conlan, P. Larkin, J. Connolly, T. F. McGrath, F. Brennan, J. F. Mug, F. Wall, D. Donohoe, A. Lent, E. Murphy, P. Maguire, M. Maloney, H. Deehan, B. Mergentheim.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Mrs. Ryan of Vicksburg, Miss., has presented a beautiful mocking-bird to Mother Superior.

—A very beautiful letter from a student in the American College at Rome was received this week.

—At the regular meeting of St. Cecilia's Society, the members were favored with a lecture entitled "Identity of Races proved by Identity of Music."

—Rev. Father Walsh, from the University, sang the High Mass on Sunday, and preached a beautiful sermon. Subject—the Epistle of the day—"Faith and Works."

—At the regular meeting of St. Gertrude's German Literary Society the reading was from "*Du Königspiel des jungen Cyrus*," F. Linning; readers: Misses Usselman, Solomon and Geiser.

—On the eve of the Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin, a beautiful altar-spread for the main altar, and lace altar-ruffles for the side altars, were presented by Miss Tong, of South Bend, to the Infirmary Chapel.

—On Monday morning, Mrs Judge P. B. Ewing left St. Mary's for her home in Lancaster, Ohio, attended by the warmest good wishes and fervent prayers for her good health and prosperity, of her numerous friends in the Academy and Convent.

—At the regular meeting of St. Clotilde's French Literary Society the reading was "*Extrait der Journal des Jeunes personnes*." Choice selections were given from various authors, among others from La Bruyère, Bounard, Chemér, and Boufflers.

—At the regular Academic reunion, in the Junior department, the reading was: "The Sisters," Eleanor C. Donnelly, by Miss M. Fishburne; "*Das Bachlein*," Goethe, by Miss M. Duncan; "*La Charité*," by Miss C. Lemontey; "Tribute to Father N. H. Gillespie," "Memorial Flowers," Miss C. Claffey.

—The Academy Library is indebted to Miss Hemenway for three volumes of the "Vermont Gazetteer," written by the donor. She has made several valuable gifts to the Studio,—oil-paintings, etc.; also books to other libraries of the institution. This lady has taken up her permanent residence at St. Mary's.

—At the regular Academic reunion the reading was "Our Lady's Presentation," Father Faber, by Miss Simms; "*Die Sehnsucht*," Schiller, by Miss Reinhardt; "Death of the Prince Imperial," Father A. J. Ryan, by Miss Sullivan; the "*Folgoet on l'Ave Maria*" (*Legende Bretonne*), by Miss Dallas.

—On Wednesday, at about half-past four o'clock, some little Italian minstrels sturck up harp and violin just in front of the Academy. The Graduates, receiving the proper permissions, invited them in, and the North and South recreation-rooms were cleared, and the pupils danced from five until seven o'clock p. m.

—Mrs. Hemenway, of Burlington, Vermont, has donated to the Museum a remarkable specimen of shell-marble, from the northern part of Lake Champlain, on the site of the first French settlement, and of the first Christian Church in the United States. The name of the mission, which was Jesuit, was St. Mary's; that of the Church, St. Ann's.

SEMI-MONTHLY REPORT OF THE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

1ST CLASS—Misses Galen, Keenan, Dillon. 2D DIV.—Misses Gordon, Buck. 2D CLASS—Misses Sullivan, Neu, Usselman, Rosing, Killelea. 2D DIV.—Misses A. McGrath, Kirchner, Farrell, Campbell. 3D CLASS—Misses Hackley, Soloman, Callinan, I. Semmes, McGrath, Gall. 2D DIV.—Misses English, Cortright, McMahon, Roys, Dallas, Bischoff, Bruser, Piersol, Maloney, Wells, Rheinhardt C. Hackett. 4TH CLASS—Misses Julius, Dennehy, H. Hackett, Horner, A. Ewing. 2D DIV.—Misses J. Mitchell, Price, Leydon, Cavenor, C. Campbell. 5TH CLASS—Misses Herrick, Jones, Hamilton, Otto, French, Fox, Van Namee, Garrity, L. English. 2D DIV.—Misses Dessaint, Casey, Claffey, Gavan, Keys, Orr, Danaher, Loeber, O'Connor, Legnard, C. Wathen, Gibbons, Lancaster, Bannister, Harrison, Hutchinson, A. Dillon. 6TH CLASS—Misses Lloyd, Moxon, S. Wathen, L. Wells, Populorum, E. Populorum, Hammond, Neteler, M. Fitzgerald, Stitzel, Kinzie, E. Dallas, C. Lancaster, Thompson, Tallman, Wall, Reutlinger, McKinnis. 2D DIV.—Misses Rasche, Fishburne, De Lapp, J. Baroux, Fleming, Duncan, Ward, Wright, E. Papin, Moll, Baroux, Edelen, Lemontey, McFadden, Murphy, Chirhart, Cox. 7TH CLASS—Misses Halloran, Clarke, A. Watson, Smith, Taylor, G. Taylor, I. Hackett. 8TH CLASS—Misses Ginz, Fisk, E. Lloyd, B. Garrity. 9TH CLASS—Misses Carter. 10TH CLASS—Misses McCloskey, M. Baroux, M. Fitzgerald. HARP—1ST CLASS—Misses Galen, I. Semmes. 2D CLASS—A. Dillon, A. McGrath. ORGAN—Misses C. Wathen, S. Wathen. TECHNICAL EXERCISES—Misses Galen, Dillon, Keenan, Buck, Gordon, Sullivan, Usselman, Neu, Killelea, Rosing, Campbell, Kirchner, A. McGrath, I. Semmes, Gall, Farrell, Hackley, Solomon, Bischoff, Dallas, Bruser, Piersol, Wells, Roys, English, Rheinhardt, McMahon, Julius, A. Ewing, C. Hackett, Horner, Dennehy, Jones, Herrick, O'Neill, Mattingly, Bassett, Palmer.

VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

1ST CLASS—Miss Silverthorn. 2D DIV.—Misses Kirchner, Gordon. 2D CLASS—Miss Usselman. 3D CLASS—Misses C. Hackett, Farrell. 4TH CLASS—Misses Buck, Sullivan, Julius, O'Connor, McGrath, A. McGrath, Herrick, Callinan, O'Neill, Reinhardt, Soloman, A. Ewing, S. Semmes, Otto, Bruser, Mattingly. 5TH CLASS—Misses Rosing, French, M. English, Mitchell, Bannister, Jones, Horner, Cortright, E. Hackett, Moxon, L. English, Rasche. S. Wathen, C. Wathen, Simms, Edelen. CHORUS CLASS—Misses Cavenor, Hackley, Casey, Lemontey, Butts,

Hutchinson, Gibbons, Donnelly, Zahm, Populorum. CLASS IN SOLFAING—Misses C. Hackett, Cavenor, Rosing, Wells, Usselman, Danaher, Julius.

ART DEPARTMENT.

DRAWING.

1ST CLASS—Miss Joyce. 2D CLASS—Misses Otto, Zahm, L. Lancaster, Fox, Thompson. 3D CLASS—Misses C. Lancaster, J. Wells, Feehan, Callinan, Wall, Hammond, Baroux, Barlow, B. Garrity.

PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS.

2D CLASS—Misses A. Ewing, C. Campbell, Dessaint, English, Sullivan, Butts, Papin, French, Casey, Loeber.

OIL PAINTING.

1ST CLASS—Misses Neteler, Buck, Hambleton, Joyce. 2D CLASS—Misses Cortright, Killelea, I. Semmes, Dillon, Gavan. 3D CLASS—Miss Dallas.

GENERAL DRAWING.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT—Misses Lancaster, Simms, Tallman, Roys, Halloran, A. Ryan, C. Hackett, Donnelly, Gall, Bruser, Bischoff, Murphy, McMahon, Edelen, Gavan, Keys, Quinn, Jones, Cox, McKinnis, Kinzie.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT—Misses Hale, Van Namee, C. Lancaster, Duncan, Joseph, Rutlinger, Legnard, Gibbons, Hutchinson, C. Ryan, J. English, Harrison, Clarke, Carter, Fisk, Leyden.

ORNAMENTAL NEEDLEWORK—Misses Quinn, Stitzel, Donnelly, Danaher, Hale, Gavan, Legnard, E. Populorum, Farrell, Herrick, Halloran, C. Wathen, S. Wathen, Price, Cox, Smith, Reynolds, J. Wells, Fishburne.

Tablet of Honor

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Silverthorne, Killelea, McGrath, Ewing, Neteler, Cavenor, Ward, A. Ryan, Gordon, Cortright, Rosing, A. Ewing, Buck, Quinn, Galen, Kirchner, Farrell, Danaher, I. Semmes, A. McGrath, Lloyd, Dillon, Joyce, Herrick, Otto, Usselman, Geiser, Smith, O'Neill, Mattingly, Fitzgerald, Donnelly, Bannister, M. Dallas, Roys, Wells, Bischoff, Neu, McMahon, C. Wathen, S. Wathen, Zahm, Campbell, O'Connor, Keys, Murphy, Hackley, Lancaster, Simms, Hamilton, Stitzel, Taylor, Keena, Wall, McKinnis, Gavan, Baroux, Wright, Thompson, Rasche, Hammond, McFadden, Horner, Solomon, Reinhardt, Halloran, Moxon, Edelen, Tallman, Palmer, Bassett, *par excellence*. Misses Wooden, Maloney, Keenan, Hambleton, Sullivan, Hackett, Mitchell, Jones, Loeber, Winston, De Lapp, Gall, Julius, Bruser, English, Callinan, Piersol, Dessaint, Price, Reynolds, Atwood, Cox.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Claffey, A. Dillon, Fox, C. Campbell, French, Populorum, Van Namee, S. Semmes, E. Hackett, Casey, Leyden, Fishburne, McN. Garrity, J. Wells, Watson, Joseph, G. Taylor, McCloskey, E. Ryan, C. Ryan, Gibbons, C. Lancaster, Fleming, Duncan, Reutlinger, Chirhart, E. Populorum, L. English, Ginz, Paquette, Hale, Hutcheson, Harrison, M. Fitzgerald, Robinson, V. Orr, M. Baroux, *par excellence*. Misses Feehan, Orr, Lemontey, E. Dallas, Carter, Barlow, Legnard, Clarke, E. Papin, Conside, B. Garrity, M. Wilkins.

St. Mary's Academy,

The course of Studies is thorough in the Classical, Academical and Preparatory Departments.

NO EXTRA CHARGES for French or German, as those languages enter into the regular course of studies.

Conservatory of Music, under the charge of a competent corps of teachers, comprises a large music-hall, and twenty-seven separate rooms for Harps and Pianos. A thorough course for graduation in Theory and Practice, Aesthetic Composition, large musical Library in French, German, English and Italian—four weekly lessons and daily practice, weekly lectures and recitals.

In the Art Department the same principles which form the basis for instruction in the great Art Schools of Europe are embodied in the course of Drawing and Painting. Pupils in the Schools of Painting or Music may pursue a special course.

Those who have passed creditably through the Academic and Classical course receive the Graduating Gold Medals of the Departments. Graduating Medals are awarded to the students who have pursued a special course in the Conservatory of Music or in the Art Department.

Prize Gold Medals awarded in the following courses:—German, French, Christian Doctrine, Painting, Drawing and Domestic Economy, in the Senior Department; and for Polite and Amiable Deportment in both the Senior and Junior Department.

Simplicity of dress enforced by rule. For Catalogue, address

MOTHER SUPERIOR,
St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame P. O., Indiana.

Indianapolis, Peru & Chicago RAILWAY.

Time Table, in Effect JUNE 8, 1879.

Going North.		STATIONS		Going South.	
		ARRIVE	LEAVE		
1.40 a.m.	3.20 p.m.	- -	Michigan City, - -	9.35 a.m.	8.05 p.m.
12.55 "	2.30 "	- - -	La Porte, - - -	10.25 "	8.55 "
12.28 "	2.08 "	- - -	Stillwell, - - -	10.45 "	9.20 "
12.07 "	1.44 "	- - -	Walkerton, - - -	11.10 "	9.47 "
11.27 p.m.	1.07 "	- - -	Plymouth, - - -	11.47 "	10.33 "
10.31 "	12.10 "	- - -	Rochester, - - -	12.40 p.m.	11.32 "
9.55 "	11.26 a.m.	- - -	Denver, - - -	1.17 "	12.12 a.m.
9.25 "	10.47 "	- - -	Peru, - - -	2.00 "	12.40 "
9.03 "	10.26 "	- - -	Bunker Hill, - - -	2.22 "	1.01 "
8.33 "	9.56 "	- - -	Kokomo Junction, - - -	3.00 "	1.35 "
7.52 "	9.13 "	- - -	Tipton, - - -	3.33 "	2.16 "
7.10 "	8.30 "	- - -	Noblesville, - - -	4.25 "	3.03 "
6.10 "	7.25 "	- - -	Indianapolis, - - -	5.25 "	4.00 "
		- - -	Cincinnati, - - -	10.00 "	8.15 "
		- - -	Louisville, - - -	10.45 "	8.20 "
		- - -	Saint Louis, - - -	7.30 a.m.	6.00 p.m.

PERU & INDIANAPOLIS EXPRESS.

Leave Peru 7.45 a.m. - - - Arrive Indianapolis 11.00 a.m.
" " 6.40 p.m. " " 9.50 p.m.

RETURNING

Leave Indianapolis 12.25 p.m. - - - Arrive Peru 3.50 p.m.
" " 11.10 " " " 2.55 a.m.

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Allowing Passengers the privilege of remaining in Car until a Late Breakfast Hour.

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ARTHUR J. STACE [of '64], County Surveyor for St. Joseph County. South Bend, Ind.

Michigan Central Railway

Time Table—Nov. 16, 1879.

	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Kal. Accom.	†Atlantic Express.	†Night Express.
Lv. Chicago - -	7 00 a.m.	9 00 a.m.	4 00 p.m.	5 15 p.m.	9 10 p.m.
" Mich. City -	9 25 "	11 13 "	6 35 "	7 40 "	11 30 "
" Niles - - -	10 45 "	12 15 p.m.	8 05 "	9 00 "	12 48 a.m.
" Kalamazoo -	12 33 p.m.	1 40 "	9 50 "	10 28 "	2 28 "
" Jackson - -	3 45 "	4 05 "		12 50 a.m.	5 00 "
Ar. Detroit - -	6 48 "	6 30 "		3 35 "	8 00 "
	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Jackson Express.	†Pacific Express.	†Even'g Express.
Lv. Detroit - -	7 00 a.m.	9 35 a.m.	5 55 p.m.	9 50 p.m.	8 10 p.m.
" Jackson - -	10 20 "	12 15 p.m.		12 45 a.m.	1 15 "
" Kalamazoo -	1 15 p.m.	2 37 "	4 50 a.m.	2 43 "	1 38 a.m.
" Niles - - -	3 05 "	4 07 "	6 50 "	4 15 "	3 30 "
" Mich. City -	4 30 "	5 20 "	8 08 "	5 30 "	4 55 "
Ar. Chicago - -	6 50 "	7 40 "	10 35 "	8 00 "	7 30 "

Niles and South Bend Division.

*GOING NORTH.		*GOING SOUTH.	
Lv. So. Bend—	8 45 a.m. 6 30 p.m.	Lv. Niles—	7 05 a.m. 4 15 p.m.
" N. Dame—	8 52 " 6 38 "	" N. Dame—	7 40 " 4 48 "
Ar. Niles—	9 25 " 7 15 "	Ar. So. Bend—	7 45 " 4 55 "

*Sunday excepted. †Daily. †Saturday and Sunday excepted.
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Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne & Chicago

AND PENNSYLVANIA R. R. LINE.

Condensed Time Table, Nov. 10, 1878.

TRAINS LEAVE CHICAGO DEPOT, COR. CANAL AND MADISON STS. (West Side), ON ARRIVAL OF TRAINS FROM NORTH AND SOUTHWEST.

GOING WEST.

	No. 1 Fast Ex.	No. 7 Pac Ex.	No. 3 Night Ex.	No. 5 Mail.
Pittsburg,..... LEAVE	11.45 P.M.	9 00 A.M.	1.50 P.M.	6.00 A.M.
Rochester,.....	12.53 A.M.	10.12 "	2.55 "	7.45 "
Alliance,.....	3.10 "	12.50 P.M.	5.35 "	11.00 "
Orrville,.....	4.50 "	2.26 "	7.13 "	12.55 P.M.
Mansfield,.....	7.00 "	4.40 "	9.20 "	3.11 "
Crestline,..... ARRIVE	7.30 "	5.15 "	9.45 "	3.50 "
Crestlin,..... LEAVE	7.50 A.M.	5.40 P.M.	9.55 P.M.	
Forest,.....	9.25 "	7.35 "	11.25 "	
Lima,.....	10.40 "	9 00 "	12.25 A.M.	
Ft. Wayne,.....	1.20 P.M.	11.55 "	2.40 "	
Plymouth,.....	3.50 "	2.46 A.M.	4.55 "	
Chicago,..... ARRIVE	7.00 "	6.00 "	7.53 "	

GOING EAST.

	No. 4 Night Ex.	No. 2 Fast Ex.	No. 6 Atlan. Ex.	No. 8 Mail.
Chicago,..... LEAVE	9.10 P.M.	8.30 A.M.	5.15 P.M.	
Plymouth,.....	2.46 A.M.	11.48 "	8.53 "	
Ft. Wayne,.....	6.55 "	2.25 P.M.	11.30 "	
Lima,.....	8.55 "	4.20 "	1.30 A.M.	
Forest,.....	10.10 "	5.27 "	2.33 "	
Crestline,..... ARRIVE	11.45 "	6.55 "	4.05 "	
Crestline,..... LEAVE	12.05 P.M.	7.15 P.M.	4.15 A.M.	6.05 A.M.
Mansfield,.....	12.35 "	7.45 "	4.55 "	6.55 "
Orrville,.....	2.26 "	9.38 "	7.00 "	9.15 "
Alliance,.....	4 00 "	11.15 "	9.00 "	11.20 "
Rochester,.....	6.23 "	1.20 A.M.	11.06 "	2.00 P.M.
Pittsburgh,.... ARRIVE	7.30 "	2.30 "	12.15 P.M.	3.30 "

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P. SHICKEY.

JAMES BONNEY,

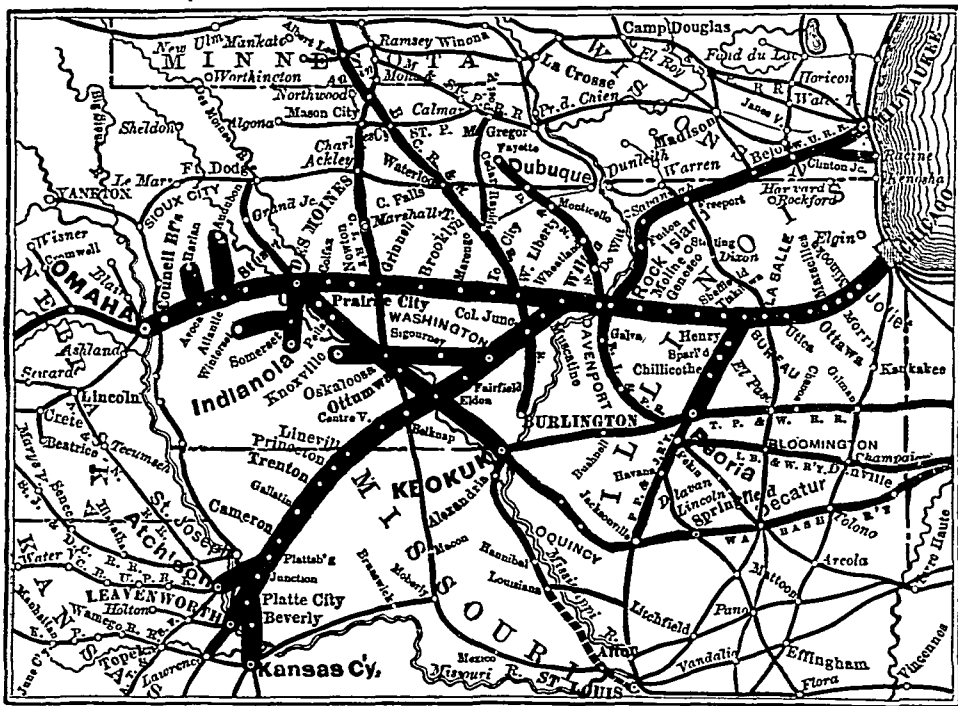
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- At DAVENPORT, with the Davenport & North-Western R. R.
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- At GRINNELL, with Central R. R. of Iowa.
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- At COUNCIL BLUFFS, with Union Pacific R. R.
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- At COLUMBUS JUNCTION, with Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern R. R.
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The year 1880 will be one in which no patriotic American can afford to close his eyes to public affairs. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the political events which it has in store, or the necessity of resolute vigilance on the part of every citizen who desires to preserve the Government that the founders gave us. The debates and acts of Congress, the utterances of the press, the exciting contests of the Republican and Democratic parties, now nearly equal in strength throughout the country, the varying drift of public sentiment, will all bear directly and effectively upon the twenty-fourth Presidential election, to be held in November. Four years ago next November the will of the nation, as expressed at the polls, was thwarted by an abominable conspiracy, the promoters and beneficiaries of which still hold the offices they stole. Will the crime of 1876 be repeated in 1880? The past decade of years opened with a corrupt, extravagant, and insolent Administration entrenched at Washington. THE SUN did something toward dislodging the gang and breaking its power. The same men are now intriguing to restore their leader and themselves to places from which they were driven by the indignation of the people. Will they succeed? The coming year will bring the answers to these momentous questions. THE SUN will be on hand to chronicle the facts as they are developed, and to exhibit them clearly and fearlessly in their relations to expediency and right.

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The following is the table of contents of the number for the coming year:

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2 25 a. m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo 9 50; Cleveland 2 30 p. m.; Buffalo 8 05 p. m.

11 05 a. m., Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5 25 p. m. Cleveland 10 10 p. m.; Buffalo, 4 a. m.

12 16 p. m., Special New York Express, over Air Line; arrives at Toledo 5 40 p. m., Cleveland 10 10 p. m.; Buffalo 4 a. m.

9 12 p. m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 2 40 a. m.; Cleveland, 7 05 a. m.; Buffalo, 1 10 p. m.

4 50 and 4 p. m., Way Freight.

GOING WEST.

2 43 a. m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3 35 a. m., Chicago 6 a. m.

5 05 a. m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 50 a. m., Chicago 8 20 a. m.

4 50 p. m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 40, Chicago 8 p. m.

8 03 a. m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9 05 a. m.; Chicago, 11 30 a. m.

7 30 and 8 03 a. m., Way Freight.

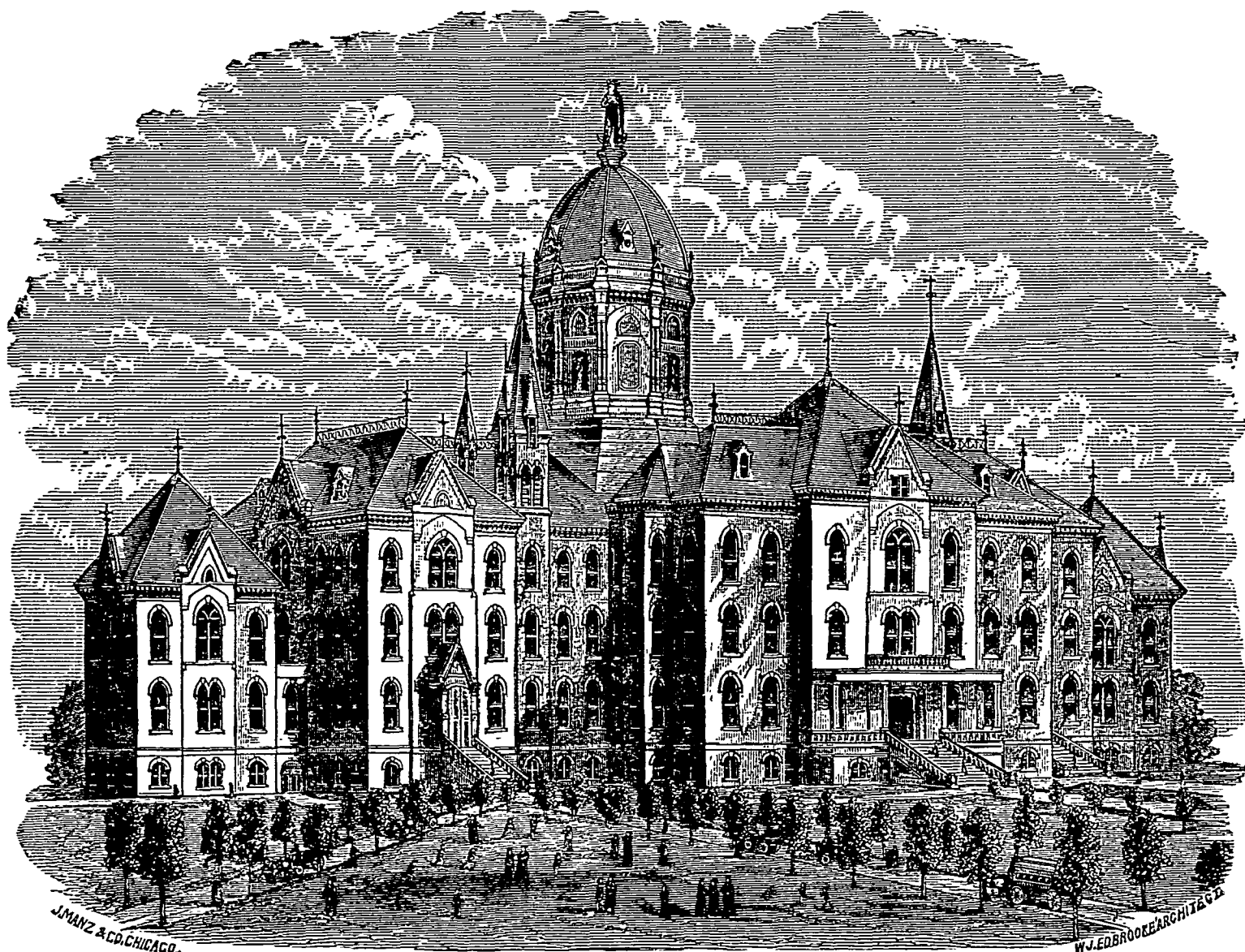
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